



STAMP OUT YOUNG LOVE

It happens every day. A young man goes off to college, leaving his home town sweetheart with vows of eternal love, and then he finds that he has outgrown her. What, in such cases, is the honorable thing to do?

Well sir, you can do what Crunch Sigafos did.



When Crunch left his home in Cut and Shoot, Pa., to go off to a prominent midwestern university (Florida State) he said to his sweetheart, a wholesome country lass named Mildred Bovine, "My dear, though I am far away in college, I will love you always. I take a mighty oath I will never look at another girl. If I do, may my eyeballs parch and wither, may my viscera writhe like adders, may my ever-press slacks go baggy!"

Then he clutched Mildred to his bosom, flicked some hayseed from her hair, planted a final kiss upon her fragrant young skull, and went away, meaning with all his heart to be faithful.

But on the very first day of college he met a coed named Irmgard Champerty who was studded with culture like a ham with cloves. She knew verbatim the complete works of Franz Kafka, she sang solos in stereo, she wore a black leather jacket with an original Goya on the back.

Well sir, Crunch took one look and his jaw dropped and his nostrils pulsed like a bellows and his kneecaps turned to sorghum. Never had he beheld such sophistication, such intellect, such *savoir faire*. Not, mind you, that Crunch was a dolt. He was, to be sure, a country boy, but he had a head on his shoulders, believe you me! Take, for instance, his choice of razor blades. Crunch always shaved with Personna Super Stainless Steel Blades, and if that doesn't show good sense, I am Rex the Wonder Horse. No other blade shaves you so comfortably so often. No other blade brings you such facial felicity, such epidermal *elan*. Personna Super Stainless Steel Blades take the travail out of shaving, scrap the scrape, negate the nick, peel the pull, oust the ouch. Furthermore, Personnas are available both in double-edge style and in injector style. If you're smart—and I'm sure you are, or how'd you get out of high school—you'll get a pack of Personnas before another sun has set.

But I digress. Crunch, as we have seen, was instantly smitten with Irmgard Champerty. All day he followed her around campus and listened to her talk about Franz Kafka and like that, and then he went back to his dormitory and found this letter from his home town sweetheart Mildred:

Dear Crunch:

Us kids had a keen time yesterday. We went down to the pond and caught some frogs. I caught the most of anybody. Then we hitched rides on trucks and did lots of nutsy stuff like that. Well, I must close now because I got to whitewash the fence.

Your friend,
Mildred

PS... I know how to ride backwards on my skateboard.

Well sir, Crunch thought about Mildred and then he thought about Irmgard and then a great sadness fell upon him. Suddenly he knew he had outgrown young, innocent Mildred; his heart now belonged to smart, sophisticated Irmgard.

Being above all things honorable, he returned forthwith to Cut and Shoot, Pa., and looked Mildred straight in the eye and said manfully, "I do not love you any more. I love another. You can hit me in the stomach all your might if you want to."

"That's okay, hey?" said Mildred amiably. "I don't love you neither. I found a new boy."

"What is his name?" asked Crunch.

"Franz Kafka," said Mildred.

"I hope you will be very happy," said Crunch and shook Mildred's hand and they have remained good friends to this day. In fact, Crunch and Irmgard often double-date with Franz and Mildred and have barrels of fun. Franz knows how to ride backwards on his skateboard one-legged.

So you see, all's well that ends well—including a shave with Personna Super Stainless Steel Blades and Personna's partner in luxury shaving—Burma-Shave. It comes in menthol or regular; it soaks rings around any other lather.

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